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"A Sure Stronghold is our God."

From ELISE POLKO's "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

An autumn evening, filled with presentiments of winter, was followed by a dull, cold October day; cloudy shadows darkened the fields; an icy wind arose, and pitilessly tearing the fairest leaves from the branches where they clung, half wearied out, strewed them under the hasty foot of the wanderer. An anxious, expectant sorrow seemed to possess all nature, as though the voice of winter threatened from a distance, and in husky whispers told of the gloomy days to come, the long, dark nights, the ice and snow-flakes. But in the city, where the houses lay huddled together so comfortably in the midst of the vast plain, things looked much more cheerful; defying autumn weather, people had withdrawn to their warm houses; from many windows bright lights shone forth, tokens of social comfort. It was about the year 1732, and the city of which we speak, was called Leipzig. Surrounded by deep moats, high walls, and stately lindens, it was a safe and pleasant city to look on. The houses were almost all narrow and high, with pointed, square, projecting balconies; here and there a little tower arose from the roofs; of church steeples not many were to be seen. In the Cantor-house of the excellent Thomas-school, near the handsomest church in Leipzig, the lights glimmered particularly clear on the above mentioned October evening; happy voices sounded there, for there was a very united family assembled.

At the heavy oaken table, that stood in the midst of the small room, furnished with large, dark cabinets and curiously carved chairs, sat a man in a smooth suit of black and a large curled wig. His face was round and ruddy; a grave geniality played round the corners of his firm mouth; his forehead was fine and clear; and his fiery black eyes looked out from beneath it with an expression of concentrated power, whose influence it would be difficult to withstand. The heart would beat high in any breast which those dark eyes attracted to themselves; and one might fancy that they had drawn a black veil over the fathomless sea of light that swelled and shone within them. This man, the Herr Cantor JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, was celebrated throughout the city for his fine organ playing. Good people said of him, however, that he was a strange fellow, and often shook their wise heads over his extraordinary, involved figure, and impossible-to-be-understood fantasias on the organ. But rarely did any one leave the church while the Cantor was playing, and a shudder of awe would pass over his hearers, when the sublime tones rushed forth in full force, as though they would burst the church walls, and bury the listening multitude beneath the falling ruins.

* At the right side of the Cantor sat his wife, a

fine looking woman with well cut features and gentle eyes, in a snow-white cap and dazzling neckhandkerchief. She held her youngest born, Christopher, a stout baby of about three months old, on her knees.

Other boys of different ages lay round their mother, comfortably eating roasted apples, and playing with their little brother. Bach's oldest son, Friedemann, a tall youth, resembling his father, but without his mild friendliness, stood near the immense earthen stove, and looked thoughtfully on the noisy group of boys. On the Cantor's left, a slender young man had taken his place, whose fine features, thick, black hair, and mild, kindly, brownish face bore the strongest possible resemblance to the head of the family. This was Bach's second son, Philip Emanuel, arrived on an unexpected visit from Frankfort on the Oder, after a long and tiresome journey. He had just been telling his father of the new musical academy, which he had founded, and now directed in Frankfort; he praised the talent and industry of his scholars, and timidly took some leaves of music paper from his pocket. Blushing, he pushed them towards the Cantor with these words: "Dear father, look if there is anything in it."

It was a fine Sonata, that old Bach ran through with joy-bedewed eyes and light movements of the finger, then rolled it up again, and said: "Time will make something of thee, my boy! only get on with the help of God the Lord! Friedemann also moves forward bravely, and does not play badly; good luck go with you both!" Both his eldest sons listened, smiling like children, to their honored father, and gratefully pressed his hands. The conversation was suddenly interrupted by a horse's hasty gallop, and a quick knocking at the little house door. Astonished, both the eldest sons sprang to the door; the children forgot their noise, the mother turned pale, and Sebastian Bach looked calmly on and said: "How can you all behave so? not one of us has a bad conscience; then let him come who will. In a few minutes, a postillion, tired out, covered with mud, appeared; he came direct from the electoral residence, Dresden, desired to speak with the Cantor Sebastian Bach, and handed him a letter from the powerful minister, the much dreaded Count Brühl. The Cantor drew the large oil lamp nearer, shaded his eyes with his hand, and read, while Philip Emanuel politely handed a chair to the messenger.

"My Dear Cantor!—Our gracious elector and lord, Augustus of Saxony and Poland, wishes to hear you, the celebrated organist, Sebastian Bach, at his residence. You must play in the church at Dresden, on Sunday, the 24th of October. Two days after the receipt of this letter, a royal carriage will convey you from Leipzig to the residence, when we expect you with great impatience. Therefore prepare yourself for this distinguished honor, my dear Cantor. I am commissioned by our gracious lord to greet you.

Signed, COUNT BRÜHL.

Bach stood thoughtfully for a little while; irony

and unwillingness spoke in his expression; his eyes glanced from one to the other of his dear ones. Friedemann and Philip were modestly silent. "Herr Courier," said the Cantor at length, slowly but firmly, "inform my lord the minister, that I, Sebastian Bach, Cantor of the Thomas school at Leipzig, will fulfil the command of my prince, and come to Dresden." "I beg you to give me a written document," asked the courier. "Man," thundered Sebastian Bach, drawing himself up to his full height, "what are you asking for? Did you not understand me? Have not I, Sebastian Bach, just given you my word? Do you take me for one of those dishonorable knaves that flourish in the air of the court, and whom a rag of paper will bind closer than a manly word, spoken in the face of God?" "Dear father," began Philip Emanuel soothingly. "Silence, young man, you don't understand anything about it!" answered his father hastily; then turning to the courier, he said more calmly: "Now you have your answer! tell all you have heard to my lord the count; it will not trouble me." The messenger had retired a few steps, pale with fear. Bach seized him by the collar, drew him towards himself and said friendly: "Now is not this a wholesome lesson for you? Do not forget it as soon as you have left my house. The residence is not every thing. And now, *basta!* if you will help us to despatch the evening soup and a pitcher of beer, it will please me well!" But the courier preferred to take a hasty leave, and the Cantor took his place at the table cheerfully. Then his children crowded anxiously round him, and Frau Gertrude exclaimed: "Ah, my Bastian, would you venture into the wide world, the splendor of Dresden, the city of sin! and oh, the long bitter journey! No, you will not do such a thing for your wife and children's sake!" And then she broke into a passion of tears, and fell sobbing on the neck of her husband.

The children, as soon as they saw their mother crying, began to cry also, clinging to their father's coat; the two sons conversed loudly and hastily about the Count's missive; in short, there was a terrific noise in the little room. At last the full voice of the head of the family overcame the noise; the Cantor cried out: "Wife, take the crazy boys into the nursery! let none but Friedemann and Emanuel remain behind." Then, like a strong-shouldered lion, he shook off the screaming children, and their mother took the little flock to the old nurse. The Cantor began to measure the chamber with long steps, as his faithful wife returned, and took her place at the table with moist eyes. "You must not grieve over the long journey, Gertrude," he said mildly to her, "for if the Lord God does not decree otherwise, I shall be back in my old nest in fourteen days; and, besides, I propose to take these boys with me to the residence. They shall see all the finery, and, above all things, take care of their father." Friedemann and Emanuel thanked him with sparkling eyes. "Yes, my children,

we will knock at the hearts of the worldlings with the strong voice of the Lord God"—so he sometimes called his beloved organ,—“and they shall stretch out their hands in surprise and anguish, and cry *Pater, peccavi!* and master Hasse shall acknowledge that there may be higher, more godly strains than his sweet, wanton Italian melodies.” He looked so glorious as he said this, that his family looked towards him with the deepest reverence. But then he cried out heartily: “Now, mother, let the little squallers in, and fetch us the soup!” The table was covered, a large stone pitcher filled with foaming beer was placed beside the master of the house, an immense loaf of bread was laid near it, and now Father Bach, after he had pronounced a short grace, served carefully out to all, eldest first, of course, while, with ladle and knife, in the meantime, Frau Gertrude helped to the smoking soup; all ate, chattered, joked.

Next day the Cantor visited the rector, in order to obtain the necessary permission to make a journey. This was a difficult step for him, for he avoided, as much as possible, any contact with this person. Rector and Cantor were certainly not friends. The first complained bitterly of his inferior's obstinate disposition and unyielding demeanor, and Bach scolded the rector for a stupid, God-forsaken pedant. There was no fresh branch on this old tree, indeed, with its promise or fulfilment of green leaves; the rector was winter-like, within and without.

Dry and circumscribed in body and soul, he was deeply buried in the thick dust of mouldy pedantry. Fresh flowers never rejoiced him; he counted their stamina, examined their cups, and then threw them from him. Mankind was indifferent to him; he loved no living soul. He called the organ-playing of his refractory Cantor devilish; he withdrew from its influence, and never visited the early service; he had even spread it abroad, that Bach had made a compact with the devil, to blow the bellows for him, when he played the organ. He laid obstacles in the way of his Cantor as often as possible, and rejoiced like a kobold at any sudden outbreak of anger from this giant nature. Willingly would he have overthrown him entirely; but to shake such a rock, needed greater force than his, and he stood alone in his hate; for teachers and scholars looked on the powerful lord of the rolling organ, in silent love and admiration. As Sebastian Bach, very much excited, entered the study of the school-tyrant,—for he had just held a choral rehearsal with the scholars, had been a little impatient over it, and his periuke, as was the custom on such occasions, was in a desolate condition,—the rector rose up in his leathern arm chair, fixed his gray eyes on the visitor, and said majestically: “Now what complaint brings the Herr Cantor?” “No complaint, Herr Rector,” answered Bach, “I only came to inform you that I must take a long journey to-morrow, by command of the Elector, and therefore request fourteen days leave of absence.” “What is this I hear?” asked the rector, breathless with surprise and anger,—“long journey?—must?—Elector?—and I have not been advised about it? Herr Cantor, this is another cunning plan of your genial artist brain? how should the Elector Augustus?”—“I am to play the organ at Dresden,” answered the Cantor calmly, “the

Elector has commanded it.” “It sounds very improbable to me,” sneered the rector. “No particular time seems to have been allotted to the journey, and I must tell you without any ceremony, that I cannot spare you for the next four weeks. After that, I will not oppose your wishes.” Bach's ingenuous face did not give any symptom of anger during this malicious announcement; his eyes rested quietly on the face of his dwarfish opponent, and a compassionate smile played round his lips. At last he said firmly: “Herr Rector, give me, if you please, a decided answer! Will you give me fourteen days vacation?” “No! no! once more, no!” answered the enraged rector. “Very well, then I beg to inform you that I shall go without permission!” said the Cantor; and turning away, with hasty step he left the chamber of his enraged tormentor, without once looking back.

(Conclusion in our next.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Suessmayr and Mozart's Requiem.

The London Musical World, of Feb. 11, says:

The widow of Mozart, for her own gain and profit, permitted the contemptible swindler, Süssmayr, to claim a share in the composition of the whole of her husband's greatest work, and to declare himself the sole author of some of the most beautiful portions of that transcendent masterpiece; having sold the right to print the *Requiem*, she, at a later period, repudiating the first transaction, made a second market of the work, and sold, for a second honorarium, the right to print (from Mozart's incomplete sketch, which had been filled up, according to the finished manuscript, by the execrable impostor, who impudently pretended to have co-composed the whole with Mozart) an edition of the *Mass for the Dead*, in which the portions respectively attributed to the true and the pseudo-composer are indicated. The consequence of this course of lawful exercise of right in property was, not only that great doubt arose in the minds of even studied musicians, as to Mozart's authorship of the work — this was of small comparative importance, since as the world possessed a composition, which no man, save one, that ever lived, could have produced, it mattered little whether or not that one was accredited with it — but that a man, whose only claim to notice was his insolent effrontery in putting on the lion's skin, which did not fit him, was allowed the too respectable position of having it doubted that he could have contributed to the chef d'œuvre.

Please read that again, so as to get fully the force of the invective against the unfortunate — but for his peace of mind now happily deceased — Süssmayr.

The catalogue of musical works sent by me to the Boston Library last year shows a collection of nearly all the literature, which can bear upon the history of Mozart's *Requiem*. The *Cœcilia*, containing the Gottfried Weber controversy, the résumé of this under the title of “*Ergebnisse, &c.*,” the “*Vertheidigung der Achtigkeit*,” by Abbe Stadler, with all the *Nachtrags*, Nissen's *Biographie*, a complete set of the *Leipziger Allg. Musik Zeitung*, &c., &c. I for several years contemplated contributing to the Journal a pretty full history of the controversy and the results to which it led. Some doubts as to the correctness of the views which I had drawn from a repeated perusal of the entire controversy, led me to defer writing until I could have the aids which I expected to find in Vienna; and then the expected appearance of Jahn's third volume occasioned another delay. That volume did not reach this part of Mozart's history; but at length the fourth volume too appeared; and his statements, with his discussions of the various points raised, are conclusive. In some points the article which I should have written would have been faulty, though I hardly think that upon the main question any doubts, after reading the controversy above mentioned, could remain. The only difficulty remaining was caused by that score of the *Requiem* found in Count Walsegg's musical collection, which

which was alleged to be in Mozart's hand throughout. This difficulty is now removed entirely. To clear up the entire matter — which through Pierpont's American First Class Book has a romance about it which has become history to millions in our country — I now translate pretty fully those pages of Jahn's work which bear upon the history of the *Requiem*, and which place the zeal of the writer in the London *Musical World* in a rather ridiculous light.

Mozart is now at work upon the *Zauberflöte*, and the translation begins.

“At this time (July, 1791) Mozart received an unexpected order and in an uncommon manner. A messenger,* a stranger to him — a tall, lean man, clad in gray, with a serious, solemn face,—a striking looking personage, just of the sort to make a strange impression — brought to him an anonymous letter, in which, amid the most flattering recognition of his artistic genius, it was asked at what price he would undertake to write a *Mass* for the dead, and how soon he could finish it.

“Mozart informed his wife of the affair, telling her that this order was a very welcome one, that he had a great desire to try his powers in that style of composition and to compose with all diligence a work which friends and foes should study after his death. By her advice he declared himself ready to undertake the work, although he was unable to set any time for its completion, and demanded as compensation fifty, according to others, one hundred, ducats. The terms proving acceptable, the messenger came a second time and paid the price agreed upon, adding a promise of something more when the work should be completed. He brought him directions to write entirely after his own mood and humor; moreover he should give himself no trouble to find out from whom the order came, since his pains would certainly be vain. Before Mozart could set himself earnestly at work, about the middle of August, he received a new order, which must be executed at once. At the approaching coronation of Leopold II. as King of Bavaria, at Prague, a new festival opera was to be given. Metastasio's *Clemenza di Tito* was chosen, and it was again the people of Prague who determined to make good what the Viennese failed in; the Assembly called upon Mozart to compose the work. For now unknown reasons this decision had been long delayed; there was now no time to be lost; but a few weeks were left during which Mozart had to compose and rehearse the work. After making but the most necessary preparations, he started for Prague. Just as he was entering his carriage with his wife, the unknown messenger appeared unexpectedly, gently pulled Madame Mozart by the gown, and asked: ‘What was now the prospect as to the *Requiem*?’ Mozart gave the absolute necessity of the journey as his excuse, and the impossibility of giving the unknown any notice of it, but promised that this should be his first labor after his return, if leave of absence could only now be granted; with which the messenger declared himself satisfied.”

[I pass over the account of the production and ill success of the *Titus*, with the aid afforded Mozart by Süssmayr in its composition; the ill effects upon his health of such continued exertion; Jahn's long criticism upon the opera; and the eighty-seven pages devoted to the *Zauberflöte*; and go on with the translation, where the *Requiem* again comes up.]

“After the *Zauberflöte* had been brought upon the stage, Mozart devoted himself zealously to finishing the *Requiem*. His friend, Joseph von Jacquin, came to him with a request to give lessons to a young lady, already an excellent pianiste, and found him at his writing table busy upon the *Requiem*. Mozart declared himself ready to take the pupil, if the lessons could be deferred a short time, as he had a work up-

* The messenger was Lentzeb, steward of Count Walsegg — not to be confused with the hornist. — Jahn's note.

on his hands, which was pressing and lay very near his heart; until this should be finished, he could think of nothing else. Other friends afterwards remembered having found Mozart at this work, which occupied him exclusively until a short time before his death. The constancy with which he devoted himself to this labor, night and day, increased the illness which he had brought with him from Prague. Already, while perfecting the *Zauberflöte*, he had had fainting fits, and now this physical prostration grew greater continually, and with it came a melancholy, which acquired even more complete command of him. His wife, grown anxious upon his account, in vain sought to draw him from his labors and take him into society; he remained sunk in his own thoughts and sad. One day when she rode out with him into the Prater, and they sat there together, he began to talk of death, and said, with tears in his eyes, that he was composing the *Requiem* for himself. 'I feel too sensibly,' continued he, 'that I shall not last much longer; some one has certainly given me poison, I cannot get rid of this idea.' Horrified at this remark she took all possible pains to convince him of the folly of such thoughts and reassure him. Convinced that the labor upon the *Requiem* but added to his morbid condition, she took the score from him and called in a physician, Dr. Closset.

"In fact he grew somewhat better, so as to be able to compose a Cantata for a Masonic festival, which he finished Nov. 15th and directed in the lodge.* Its excellent execution and the applause which it received rejoiced him and gave him new strength and desire to work; he himself now declared his idea of having been poisoned but a hallucination caused by his ill health, which was now dissipated, called for the score of the *Requiem* again, which his wife gave him again without hesitation, and proceeded with its composition. This improvement however was but temporary; a few days later his melancholy returned; he spoke again of having been poisoned; his strength failed more and more; his feet and hands began to swell; he was hardly able to move himself, and a sudden attack of vomiting followed. During the fourteen days that he was confined to his bed, his consciousness remained; death was always before his eyes, he looked forward to it with courage, but not without pain could he part with life. The success of the *Zauberflöte* opened to him the prospect of a nobler appreciation and remuneration than he had hitherto met with; for in these last days a company of Hungarian nobles had subscribed to secure him an annuity of 1000 florins, and from Amsterdam he had received the offer of a still higher sum for a contract to deliver annually a few pieces to be theirs exclusively; now, when he saw himself secure of a handsome competence, and could live for Art alone, he must away and leave his wife and his two little children to a future full of care. But still, on his sick bed, he remained as ever amiable, friendly, never exhibiting the slightest impatience.

"'When he became sick,' says Sophia Haibl, 'we made him night-clothes, which could be drawn on without compelling him to turn himself, which he was too much swollen to be able to do, and, as we had no idea how sick he was, we made him a wadded dressing-gown, ready against his recovery; with these he was heartily delighted. I visited him daily. One day he said to me, "Inform mamma (Madame Weber, his wife's mother), that I am getting along right well, and that I shall yet get up to the octave in time to wish her happiness on her name-day."

"With lively sympathy he heard of the repetitions of the *Zauberflöte*, and evenings he would lay his watch beside him following in fancy the performance. 'Now the first act is over; now is the passage: *Dir, grosie Königin der Nacht!* On the day before his death he said to his wife, 'I should like to hear my

Zauberflöte once more!' and hummed, in a voice almost audible, 'der Vogelfänger bin ich ja.' Kapellmeister Roser, who was sitting by his bedside, arose, went to the pianoforte and sang the song, which enlivened Mozart much. The *Requiem* also continually employed his thoughts. While he was able to work upon it, he was in the habit of singing each number, as it was finished, playing the instrumentation upon the pianoforte. On the day before his death he had the score brought to his bed—it was two o'clock in the afternoon—and sang the alto himself; Shack sang as usual the soprano; Hofer, Mozart's brother-in-law, tenor; and Gerl, bass. They were in the first bars of the *Lacrimosa* when Mozart began to cry bitterly, and laid the score aside.†

"When the sister-in-law (Sophia Haibl) came, towards evening, her sister (Mozart's wife), who usually had such self-command, met her at the door, in despair, with the words, 'Thank God that you have come! He was so sick last night that I thought he would not live the day out; if he is so again he will die in the night.' As she drew near the bed, Mozart called to her, 'Good that you are here. You will remain with me to-night. You must see me die.' As she kept her composure and tried to talk him out of these thoughts, he answered: 'I have already the taste of death on my tongue, I smell death; and who will stand by my Constance, if you do not remain?' She asked his leave to step to her mother, to whom she had promised a report of his condition; when she came back she found Süssmayr by Mozart's bed in lively conversation about the *Requiem*. 'Have I not said that I am writing this *Requiem* for myself?' said he, as he looked it through with tearful eyes. And he was so certain of the near approach of death as to direct his wife that she should not allow it to be known farther until Albrechtsberger was informed of it, for before God and the world to him belonged his (Mozart's) appointment in St. Stephen's church.

"Late in the evening the physician came again and told Süssmayr in confidence that there was now no help possible; yet he ordered the application of cold bandages to his patient's head, which gave such a shock to his system as soon to deprive him of consciousness, which never returned. Still in the dying fantasies of the sick man the *Requiem* seemed to employ his thoughts; he puffed out his cheeks and endeavored to imitate the drums with his mouth. Towards midnight he raised himself; his eyes were fixed; he turned his head towards the wall, and seemed to sink into slumber; at one o'clock in the morning (Dec. 5) he had departed."

* Jahn says in a note, that Mozart not unfrequently was so affected by his own music as to cry, and gives an instance from Hogarth's "Musical Drama."

(Conclusion next week.)

— (From the London Musical World.)

W. V. Wallace's New Opera.

"*Lurline*—Opera in three acts, written by Edward, Fitzball, composed by William Vincent Wallace" (London, Cramer, Beale and Chappell; New York Wm. Hall and Son.)

Here we have the English text and piano-forte score of Mr. Wallace's new opera, which—as the first that has been heard from his pen since the production of *Matilda of Hungary* (with Mr. Bunn's memorable libretto), at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1846—presents more than ordinary interest. *Lurline* is said to have been in great part written as far back as twelve years ago; but it requires no such apology, bearing evidence as it does—evidence that springs from a comparison between this opera and Mr. Wallace's previous dramatic works—of having been carefully reconsidered and retouched by the composer from end to end.

The questionable feature of *Lurline* is its *libretto*, which belongs to a class of melodramatic writing happily now effete. Mr. Fitzball has treated the romantic and famous legend of the *Lurlei-berg* after a manner peculiar to himself. In the legend, the heroine, deceived by a false lover, invokes the spirits of the Rhine, and consents to become the bride of the river on condition of being endowed with gifts of

beauty and fascination that shall render her irresistible to man, whom hereafter it is her intention to lure into destruction by every means at her command. The compact is made, and Loreley, or Lurlei (Lurline) becomes the spirit of the whirlpool, with what mission it is unnecessary to remind our readers. Mr. Fitzball finds the lady a spirit, and restores her to earth. She sees Count Rudolph in a bark on the river, falls in love with him, and tempts him to her abode beneath the waves, not to destroy, but, like Melusina, to cherish. Her vexed father (she has a father), the River-King, burning (or rather we should say freezing) to annihilate the rash mortal who has thus intruded on his domain, is frustrated in his desire by the amorous water-spirit, and at length persuaded to let Rudolph depart, loading him with treasures in the bargain, in order that he may be consoled for the loss of his beloved. Aware that the Count's affairs are by no means in good order, and that the emptiness of his purse had led to the rejection of his hand by Ghiva, daughter of a Rhenish Baron, the River-King judges—from a view of mortality, perhaps, common to water-spirits—that no sooner gone than, "out of sight out of mind," Rudolph will forget Lurline, and cast himself and his newly-acquired riches at the feet of the disdainful Ghiva. Lurline, however, with more faith, has promised to give her earthly admirer an interview at the Lurlei-berg, in the course of three days. On Rudolph's return to *terra firma* (how he managed to live under water we are left to surmise), the knowledge of his being possessed of untold wealth acts in the way the River-King had suspected—at least upon one mortal, the mercenary Ghiva, though not upon Rudolph himself. He, poor wight, does nothing but sigh after his lost water-nymph, and actually snubs Ghiva, who, in despair, possesses herself of a ring which Lurline has given him as a pledge, and, in a fit of jealous rage, throws it into the Rhine. True to her appointment, Lurline makes her appearance at the end of the stipulated period, and learning from a gnome (?) that Rudolph has parted with the ring (which, as the spirit of the Rhine, one might have thought she would be the first to know), gives way to unutterable anguish. In her subsequent interview with Rudolph, however, when matters are explained to her satisfaction, she once more, and for the last time, makes use of her supernatural power, invoking the storm-spirits dependent on the Rhine to overwhelm a band of reprobates, who, recently guests of the Count, are now plotting his assassination for the sake of his gold, and ultimately persuades her watery sire, the good-natured, though somewhat illogical River-King, to approve her choice and resign her to her terrestrial lover. Fancy the old Rhine spirit with whom Heinrich Heine held converse at Cologne, expressing himself in such terms as the subjoined:—

"Yes, thy fond father
To Rudolph's hand here cometh to resign,
By love and fate decreed,
His child, Lurline,
Best treasure of the Rhine!" [Joins their hands.]

And so, amidst a heap of elaborate vocal divisions, Lurline, "best treasure of the Rhine," expresses her sense of happiness, and the curtain drops. If *Lurline*—which, we understand, was written many years since, may be regarded as Mr. Fitzball's last great work—his *Requiem* (it certainly cannot be accepted as his *Transfiguration*)—why, then, there might be an end of the matter, and no critic, however sound by operatic *libretti*, would have the heart to be severe; but if, on the contrary, further preparations of the same description are contemplated, it is as well to warn our composers that the time has passed for the toleration of such performances.

Such a jumble of spirits and mortals, with the special elements of either made apparently common to both—all the *dramatis personae* being, more or less, amphibious—could only have sprung from the brain of a Fitzball, and justifies the epigrammatic epilogue of a wag, that the mixture of earth and water in *Lurline* accounted for the muddiness of its *libretto*.

But let us pass to a more agreeable subject—the music of Mr. Wallace. *Lurline* is certainly this gentleman's dramatic masterpiece, and as far superior to *Maritana* and *Matilda of Hungary* as the book of *Maritana* (not that of *Matilda*) is superior to the book of *Lurline*. Mr. Wallace has in every respect made progress, such progress as is rarely noted, indeed, between any two successive works of a dramatic composer. We find the old vein of melody as rich as formerly, with an increased knowledge of resources that gives it a tenfold value. The overture, in the broad and open key of D major, far surpasses, in clearness of design, and vigor of treatment, the orchestral preludes of Mr. Wallace's other operas. The instrumentation, too, is extremely effective, the combination of "wind" in the opening *adagio*, and the introduction, by the whole body of "strings," high and low, the double basses alone excepted, of

the beautiful melody which, in the third act, stands as the theme of Lurline's prayer, being equally points to admire. The quick movement, like that in the overture to Weber's *Oberon*, although the first subject is no more strictly akin to Weber than to the *allegro* in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, is rather chivalrous than fairy-like. It is vigorous and brilliant from end to end, and among many new touches of fancy may be noted the passage of rhythmical recitative given to the stringed instruments, ushering in the progression which leads back to the principal theme. The second theme (afterwards an episode in the romance of the "Night winds"—Act I.) is essentially melodious, contrasts strikingly with the leading theme, and works in well with the rest. In short, Mr. Wallace in this overture has evidently written his best, and, earnestly bent upon success, has attained it. Although we have only the piano-forte adaptation before us, it may be as well to observe, once for all, that the manner in which the orchestra is handled throughout the opera of *Lurline*, imparting color to and heightening the dramatic sentiment of the various situations into which the chief personages are thrown, while engendering effects the occasional novelty and frequent beauty of which are sure to elicit the attention of musicians, confers infinite honor on the composer, and shows that his studies have been well directed in the long interval during which he has been condemned, in so far as the English public are concerned, to unmerited silence. The introductory symphony (in F major) at the rise of the curtain, where the accompaniment of the violoncellos, to a melodious phrase for the horn, realizes what the Italian musicians designate as "*ondeggiando*," at once suggests that we are about to be entertained with a spectacle in which some of the actors are fairies, and that the habitation of those fairies will, in all probability, turn out to be rather aquatic than terrestrial. Lurline's romance (Act I.), "When the night winds sweep the wave" (in A minor—already mentioned), a most original and beautiful piece in itself, offers, perhaps, the most remarkable example in the entire work of the fanciful treatment of the orchestra in which Mr. Wallace has shown himself so skilled an adept. The accompaniments to this are as uncommon as they are characteristic, and, at the same time, masterly.

The opening of the first scene (after the symphony to which allusion has been made) is somewhat ineffective. No one cares greatly for Rhineberg (an odd name for a king who resides underneath the water,) and no one cares a straw for Zelieck, the gnome (we thought gnomes were earth spirits,) whom he wildly invokes in the bold and vigorous air, "Idle spirit, wildly dreaming" (in F minor). So that, however excellent *per se*, and however well given by Mr. Santley, the air and the recitations that precede and follow it, the last being dialogue, in which Mr. Corri (the gnome) takes part, falls somewhat flat. The "other nymphs" (*vide* book) whom Mr. Fitzball summons "from their shells of opal" (no nymphs having yet appeared), in a pretty choral strain ("Hark, hark, hark")—A flat) from behind, begin to awaken attention, and the graceful quasi-Weberish chorus ("King of the Rhine"—same key) with which, when before the footlights, they greet their dripping monarch, at once imparts life and interest to the scene. The apparition of Lurline, at the foot of a rock, singing to "an antique harp," the confession of her love for Rudolph, is illustrated by a brief concerted piece, in which the other personages, including Liba, water-nymph (a part, we may here add, very prettily played and very prettily sung by Miss Fanny Cruise, a young and promising beginner), are concerned. The first romance of Lurline ("Flow on, flow on, oh silver Rhine"—E major), in which she begs the river, the flowers, and the spirits to explain her sentiments to Rudolph, is based on a melody sure from its piquant, simple, and unpretending character to become popular, and, moreover, graced with florid cadences and a florid *coda*, or tailpiece, precisely fitted to the peculiar talent of Miss Louisa Pyne, who warbles it exquisitely. The chorus divides the two couplets, and in the second verse the accompaniment is judiciously varied. A scene between Lurline and Rhineberg, in accompanied recitative—a form, by the way, into which Mr. Wallace (a task as difficult as it is thoroughly well accomplished) has thrown all those parts of the opera which would otherwise be spoken dialogue—leads to the delicious romance, "The Night Winds," already described, a revelation on the part of the water-nymph of the history of her love for Rudolph. The chorus that brings the first scene to an end ("Sail, sail, sail"—D flat), in which the principal characters join, though spirited and appropriate, offers no particular point for notice.

In the second scene, where we have to do with simple mortals, the music assumes an essentially dif-

ferent character—as in duty bound. It sets out with a very admirably written duet ("Oh! Randolph, haughty Randolph"—D major) for the Baron Truenfels (carefully represented by Mr. Honey, as a decrepid old man, with bent knees and crooked legs) and Ghiva (Miss Pilling) his daughter. This duet, of which, as in many of those of Auber and other French composers, the orchestra claims the lion's share, the voices being often little more than accompaniments, contains a very charming episode, in which a passage occurs on the words, "Oh, soft affection, to thy rest," equally to be admired for its melody and its harmony. The arrival of Randolph (Mr. Harrison) brings some clever concerted music, concluding to a trio (A major):

"I see by the gray of the sky
That morning is now very nigh,"—

where the composer, by showing how it is not absolutely necessary that the music and poetry in a dramatic composition should breathe the same spirit, has upset the pet theory of Herr Wagner, who, in his *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, would fuse all the arts into one, and make them inseparable and dependent on each other. Although French in color and in the turn of its leading phrases (the last especially, "Good night, sir, good night,") as, indeed, is frequently the case with the lighter music of Mr. Wallace—this trio may be unreservedly eulogized for sprit and scenic propriety.

The third scene (Randolph's castle) opens with a drinking chorus, "Drain the cup of pleasure" (D major), in *holoëra* measure, cheerful and animated, if not strikingly original, which owes no little of the favor it enjoys (it is always redemanded) to the admirable singing of the chorus (men's voices, of course). Some effective concerted music leads to a romance, with chorus for Randolph ("Our bark, in moonlight beaming"—D minor), which embodies the legend of Lurline, the Rhine-spirit. Here the ordinary method of treating such matters at the French Opera has not been discarded, notwithstanding which the romance has both character and merit of its own. Though decidedly simple, it is imbued with a feeling of dreamy mysteriousness, entirely in keeping with the sentiment conveyed in the text. The *finale* (beginning in A flat, and ending in F minor), sets out with a harp arpeggio, while snatches from the ballad, "Flow on, flow on, oh! silver Rhine," indicate the approach of Lurline, who shortly emerges from the river and mingles with the noisy guests of her lover. Placing the ring on his finger, which is to be a pledge of mutual faith, no less than a potent charm, and a safeguard in case of subtidal difficulties, she at length, in spite of opposition from Randolph's associates, lures him into a skiff, which immediately disappears. Rhineberg, with "a host of spirits," is seen among the rocks, vowing vengeance against Randolph: a storm arises; the skiff is supposed to sink beneath the waters, and the curtain falls. All this is combined with vigorous, striking and picturesque music, and the result is a *finale* which brings the act to a climax in a thoroughly effective manner.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Diarist Abroad.

NOTES, BERLIN, (FEB., 1860.)

Has M—any desire to know about music at court? Here there is a passage from a letter of a friend to his wife containing something on the subject:

"The Soirée and Concert at the Prince of Prussia's was a truly fairy festival. The range of rooms surrounding the concert hall was filled with the most brilliant company, while the passages and smaller rooms were transformed by means of orange trees, palms and flowers into gardens of paradise—this entire world of faerie being enlivened by music, conducted by Meyerbeer. The acme of the concert was the great scene out of Gluck's *Orpheus*, sung by Jenny Meyer and chorus."

The scene is the palace of the Prince of Prussia, now Regent. This building, with the Royal Library, forms a parallelogram, of which the palace fronts are upon Unter den Linden and Behren Sts., the Library looking across small square upon the Opera House. The Concert hall, as described to me, is a large oval room, with a dome and narrow gallery running back of the Library and forming the connection between the two parts of the palace. The hall has space ample for the full royal orchestra, and a select

chorus from the opera, and an audience of six to eight hundred auditors. I have never seen it. From the gallery we look down into the hall upon the hundreds of women blazing with jewels and dressed in all the magnificence which European clothes-art can impart, upon the hundreds of princes, generals, ambassadors, ministers, professors, and so on, glittering with orders, in all sorts of splendid uniforms, and in short made up for a show; into the anterooms filled with foliage and flowers, and upon the ranks of singers or musicians—such a look my friend describes as beyond all his powers of description. Well, what music was given? A translation of the programme will show you:

"Concert in the Palace of their Royal Highnesses Prince Regent and the Frau Princess of Prussia, under the direction of the General-Music-Director and Court Capellmeister, Herr Meyerbeer, on the 18th of February, 1860.

1. Overture to Egmont Beethoven.
 2. Hymn from the Opera "The Vestal," sung by Frau Köster, Fraulein de Ahne and chorus Spontini.
 3. Wedding March from "Summer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn.
 4. Air, "Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater," sung by Frau Köster and chorus Rossini.
 5. Overture to "Struensee" Meyerbeer.
 6. Grand Scene from the Opera "Orpheus," sung by Fraulein Jenny Meyer and chorus Gluck.
 7. Scene from "Trovatore," sung by Frau Köster, Herr Formes, (the tenor) and chorus Verdi.
 8. Finale from the Opera, "Count Ory" Rossini.
- My friend says that the scene from "Orpheus" was wonderful! that it killed what followed, dead, dead, dead!

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letters on Musical Subjects.

V.

MUSIC A LANGUAGE—A SONATA OF BEETHOVEN.

My Dear Friend,—While our "Philharmonic Society" is forming, I may use the time, to answer some of your questions. And although you may find here many things that you know already, yet it is well sometimes, to look back and arrange familiar things in order.

Now to say, what is the principal and governing element of musical utterance, is a matter of some difficulty. Not, that it is impossible, nor, that it has never been done. All these things have been treated of so frequently, that they are now quite familiar to musical people. But the difficulty lies in the wide ground covered by that question.

A mysterious power, subtle and penetrating, working up all our being, making it throb in sympathetic union with that of the tone-poet; an agent, now passing through the finest fibres of our being, with a thrill of joy and ravishing bliss, then lulling our senses and feelings into a delicious, dreamlike state of serenest satisfaction; now touching us with the magician's wand, and in weird numbers making our flesh creep with darkening awe, then transporting us to regions ethereal, warmed by eternal sunshine; now making us bend low with humblest meekness, then raising us up to a proud consciousness of a majestic grandeur, in our nature; now singing out in trembling accents the half unconscious bliss of new-born, or in longing tones the pangs of unsatisfied love, and, then again, picturing the clash of opposing passions, fierce, unholy hatred; now exciting in us a deep sympathy with the suffering of others, then freeing us from the oppressive load of our own sorrows—such is MUSIC, the youngest daughter of the muses, the friend and comforter of man. Acting upon our innermost being by means of the subtlest of elements, the air, invisible and hardly perceptible unless agitated, it partakes of the nature of this, its medium. And as the gentle breath of balmy Spring pervades us, sending out in every part fresh life and new enjoyment, so music steals in on its wings, and caressing our heart, nestling closely to it, and steeping it in bliss, attunes it in holy harmony to that which is

THE MAY QUEEN.
 hawthorn in the glade
 Can a sim - ple maid-en hear, Such a tongue and feel no charm; E'en tho'
 Pru - dence in her ear, Mut-ter low a wise a - larm?— What a mien of proud es -
 tate, What a voice of sweet command! Dare I trust him with the fate, Of mine
 heart, and of mine hand? No! my love's last word, by day Must in ho - ly Church be
espress.
p

said— So I'll e - ven keep a - way.... From the hawthorn in the glade.

THE LOVER.

Can a vir - gin heart be

won, By a mien so full of guile? By a soft and hon - ied tone, By a

dark deceit - ful smile? O, the Love that scarce will woo, So im - pa - tient to com-

mand; Is a love one day to rue, Be its gild - ing e'er so grand— Ere thou

trust him with thy fate, O be - ware! un-think-ing maid, Lest re - pent-ance come too
late.... When no friend is nigh to aid.

Can a sim - ple maid-en hear, Such a tongue and feel no charm? E'en tho'
Can a vir - gin heart be won, By a mien so full of guile? And a
Shall a clown that beauty wear, That would grace a home of pride? Shall those
dim

Prudence in her ear, Mutter low a wise a-larm! What a mien of proud es -
soft and ho - nied tone, And a dark de - ceit - ful smile! O! the love that scarce will
eyes beyond com - pare, An unseem - ly cot-tage hide? Rather trust to me the



THE MAY QUEEN.

tate, What a voice.. of sweet command!— Dare I trust.. him with the fate.. Of my
 woo, So im-pa - tient to command; Is a love one day to rue... Be its
 fate Of thine heart and of thine hand, And I'll raise thee, raise thee to the state Of a

heart and of my hand— No! my love's last word, by day, Must in ho - ly Church be
 gild - ing e'er so grand— Ere thou trust him with thy fate, O be - ware! un-think-ing
 La - dy in the land— Then if Love thou wilt o - bey, When the world a-sleep is

said, So I'll e - ven keep a - way.... From the hawthorn in the glade.
 maid, Lest re - pen - tance come too late,... When no friend is nigh to aid.
 laid, Thro' the moonshine steal a - way,... To the hawthorn in the glade.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like 'pp' (pianissimo) and 'f' (fortissimo). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing above the staff and others below it. The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines, and the piano accompaniment is indicated by a bass line and harmonic chords.

noblest and sweetest in human nature. Or it assails us in violent outbursts, overawing us, filling us with a perception of the gigantic and terrible, just as the air does, when, hurled along in violent gusts in the tempest, it strikes and cowers us.

It seems an almost fruitless endeavor, to seize this thing apparently bodiless, and yet acting so powerfully on us; to grasp, and become familiar with, the nature of a force, that has greater influence on us than words, the expression of logical thought, or any of the sister-arts. The fable of Orpheus, the stories about the effect of warlike music on the soldier, the experience of our own lives, prove the superior influence of music on our feelings. We know that much. But how are we to account for it?

It is a question that has puzzled man ever since he began to think, that is still as near or as far from its solution, as it was, when the ancient Hindoo and Chinese philosophers were theorizing about it; the question about the ultimate cause of all life. When the question shall once be settled satisfactorily, then the philosopher will have no further difficulty in giving a true account of the reasons, why music thus powerfully influences us. We know, that, entering the centre of nervous action, the brain, on the very shortest route, coming in bodily contact with the central and peripheric part of the nervous system by means of vibration, it is natural, the tone or a succession and combination of tones should affect us more powerfully than a picture or a statue. But why the tone is produced by a stated, countable number of vibrations of the body emitting the sound; why tones of a proportionate number of vibrations, and they in certain combinations only, should affect us pleasantly; how the action on the nerves is produced: these are questions which we may as well despair of ever seeing answered. We had better follow the naturalist, who, satisfied to leave the questions about the first origin of matter, of the final nature of the simplest elements, in their primordial darkness, considers the forms of the actual world of beings, trying to trace them to their elements. By applying his method to our Art, we may be sure to find out, which forms the tone-poet uses to express a sentiment; which is the arrangement of the simplest elements of such forms; and how these forms affect the hearer.

These are points settled, and not now wanting proof or discussion:—that music is the language of our emotions; that it speaks of, and to our feelings immediately, without the aid of the understanding; but that, the feeling having once come to our consciousness, the understanding may analyze, and in some cases, reduce them to a logical narrative of the consecutive order and arrangement of those feelings.

Let us take some examples which will show this practically. You remember the sweet Sonata in G major, op. 14, No. 2, by Beethoven. There is sunshine and youth; not a discordant element mixes with the blissful sensations pictured in the lovely work. There is variety of sentiment; the sentiment is strongly characterized. Yet no one, I think, could prove, why those sentiments follow and ought to follow each other in just the order, in which we find them. Let us take a passing survey of the work. The first movement opens with a prelude (measures 1—8). In measure 9 the first melody comes in, almost like a recitative, running out in tender, graceful runs, which lead us to the second melody in m 27, a melody, loving, but only as the first whisperings of unconscious, budding love; not deep yet; half playful, half longing. It calms down after seven measures in m 33, and leads over in m 48 to the quiet closing phrase of two measures, repeated to the end of the part, in m 64. The same elements are worked up in the second part, in m 64—125. It is in the nature of the second part of the Sonata-form to be more agitated. And thus the second part shows in m 81—115 some excitement. The bass takes the motive of the prelude m 1 and 2, while

the right hand accompanies in arpeggi to m 90. The prelude is introduced in E flat major, m 99—107, and once more the agitation, this time in a strong wayward bass-figure accompanied by hurried runs in the treble, shows itself to m 115, from whence, panting as if it were, after resting, the motive of the prelude rouses itself again leading over to the third part, an enlargement of the first, m 125—201. The excitement of the second part is not deep nor violent. It is more like a cloud flitting across a beautiful face, darkening it for a moment, but not contorting its enchanting lineaments by the deeper corrugations of passion or anguish.

Serenely the Andante; in *staccato* chords, introduces a melody full of the charming and loving simplicity of innocence, which yet admits of a touch of humor in m 17 and 18. In pleasant variations the theme unfolds itself, as if playing with its own loveliness (Var. 1.), not without a taste of an arch but innocent humorous coquettishness (Var. 2) and overrunning with most graceful merriment (in Var. 3). The Scherzo, *Allegro assai*, the third and last movement is brimful of "real fun;" the lightly skipping, gay motive in m 1 filling at least two-thirds of the 255 m that make up the part. In m 24 a roguish motive follows the first, which comes in again in m 43—73. Here it is relieved by a melody of sweetest, graceful, musing happiness, which repeats after a second part, containing the same sentiments to m 125, when the first motive enters again, to m 185, and from here, in graceful *abandon*, a passage leads to the closing measures 189—255, having the motive of m 24 in the bass, and skipping about across the arpeggio-accompaniments to m 287, when the first motive closes in frequent repetitions in m 255. This beautiful work impresses me like a sweet maiden, just budding into womanhood. With all the roguishness, vivacity, innocent simplicity of the gay and joyous girl mingles a tinge, a sweet foretaste of the coming experience, which will ripen the bud into the loving woman. All the tenderness and grace of that age, where love is just trying its wings, not knowing when and whither it may take its flight; all the youthful loveliness and careless *abandon* of this period; the tender, half-fledged feelings; all find their utterance in this poem. But to say, why these moods follow each other just so, to prove that that they ought to follow thus, is a thing of impossibility in my judgment. It is the play of the feelings in a maiden fancy-free, now assuming this, now that hue. But reasoning understanding cannot follow this play of the feelings, it cannot deduce a series of ideas from them.

In my next letter I shall contrast with this another of Beethoven's Sonatas; perhaps the one in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, the "moonlight Sonata," as it is called; or the one in E flat major, op. 81, which Beethoven entitled: "*Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour*," or maybe both, to show, how a logical order of feelings, capable of finding expression in words, may be represented in a piece of music.

Though not a musical subject, yet I may call your attention to an article in the N. Y. *Tribune* of March 24th, on Wilhelm Grimm, the great German philologist, since it is written by the genial "Diarist" of this Journal, whose sensible, earnest, and oftentimes beautiful articles have certainly pleased and instructed you as they have your friend.

Cambridge, March 27, 1856. G. A. SCHMITT.

How SPOHR LEARNED TO PLAY THE HORN.—In 1808 was held at Erfurt the famous Congress at which Napoleon entertained as guests his friend the Emperor Alexander and the German kings and princes, his allies. All the curious persons flocked from the neighboring places to have a gaze at the show. I, too, went on foot from Gotha, with some of my pupils, less to see the great ones of the earth, than to admire the illustrious artists of the Theatre Francais, Talma and Mlle. Mars. The Emperor had made these great actors come from Paris, and they were giving every evening some masterpiece or other by Corneille and Racine. I hoped to be able to be pre-

sent with my travelling companions at one of their performances; when I learned, to my misfortune, that they were only intended for the Princes and their suites, and that every other person was shut out. I still hoped to find a place in the orchestra, by the connivance of the musicians; but I was obliged to give up this idea, too, since they were strictly forbidden to introduce any person whatsoever. At last I hit on the expedient of replacing, with my pupils, a like number of musicians, and to be present at the entertainment by playing the music between the acts. By playing, we got the consent of the musicians, who knew that their deputies would replace them creditably. But another difficulty arose—the parts of violin and viola only gave us three places, and as we did not know how to play another instrument, one of us must be obliged to give up the treat. The idea then occurred to me of trying if I could not, in the course of one day, learn enough of the horn to be able to take on myself the part of second horn. I went at once to him I wished to replace, borrowed his instrument, and thereupon set to work. I began by producing frightful noises; but after scarcely an hour, I succeeded in giving out the natural sounds of the horn. After dinner, when my scholars went out to stroll, I at once resumed my exercises, and, in spite of the pain which they gave my lips, I did not rest until I was in a state correctly to play the part of the second horn in the overture—easy enough in truth—and of the *entr'acte* which were to be given. Thus ready, my pupils and I joined our comrades, each carrying his instrument—and got to our post without difficulty. We found the theatre brilliantly lit up, and already filled with the numerous train of the Princes. The places kept for Napoleon and his guests were just behind the orchestra. Like the unfeigned hornplayer I was, I entrusted the conducting of the band to the best of my pupils, taking my orders from him like the rest. Shortly after we had tuned, the august personages entered, and the overture began. The orchestra formed a long line facing the stage; and it was severely forbidden to the players to turn round in the direction of the Princes for the satisfaction of their curiosity. As I had been warned of this beforehand, I had brought with me a little looking-glass, by aid of which I could examine with impunity the arbiters of Europe's destinies, after the overture was done. But I was so riveted by the admirable acting of the artists on the stage, that I soon handed over my looking-glass to my pupils, giving all my attention to the drama. The agony of my lips increased with every *entr'acte*, and at the end of the performance they were so swelled and bruised that I could scarcely sing. Even the next day, when I got home, my young wife was not a little surprised to see me come back with lips like a negro's. I added to her wonderment by telling her that I was reduced to such a state by kissing the pretty women of Erfurt. But she made famous game of me when the story of my studies on the horn came out.—*Spohr's Autobiography*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26.—More rumors of opera. Rumors assuming a definite shape. MARETZKE negotiating for the Winter Garden with success, and actually beginning his rehearsals. FABRI going to sing with ERRANI, the new tenor, and with Miss WISSLER, a contralto from Philadelphia, said to be very good. Rumors that CORTESE will join the troupe, and that Maretzke is prepared to exercise all his energies to triumph over his natural enemy, ULLMAN.

Latter individual to be at the Academy of Music, in second week of April, and to have little PATTI and FREZZOLINI. They say that Frezzolini has completely recovered her voice, and is going to be as great as in her palmiest days.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS arrived in town the other day, and is at her old stopping place, the St. James Hotel, on Union square. She came from Charleston by land, unable to bear the sea journey. In Havana, she had a serious attack of fever, but is now nearly convalescent.

I learn from a private letter from Santiago di Cuba, that the opera company there, under MORELLI, ASSONI and STEFANI, are meeting with only moderate success. They have given *Trovatore*, *Lucrezia*, *Lucia*, and the *Barber*. GHIONI, one of the singers imported by Ullman, had met with a great triumph

in *Ernani*. She never appeared in a leading rôle in this city. She is a blonde, and envious people say that Signora Ghioni is only an Italianized version of Miss Jones, as Donovani was of Miss O'Donavan, and Signor Maccafari of Mr. McCaffrey. *LORINI*, the tenor, has been singing with Ghioni—*ALDINI*, a contralto who sang here several times only in the part of *Azucena* in *Trovatore*, also belongs to the troupe, and does the *Rosina* in the *Barber*.

TINERINI, the tenor, who sang here a few years ago with *La Grange*, is trying to get another engagement in this country. He has a wife, one *ORTOLANI* by name, who from all accounts is a fair to middling *prima donna*—*MARINI* and *BETTINI* are engaged for next year at St. Petersburg. So they won't come here. *BOLCIONI*, who sang the tenor music in *William Tell* better than any Italian singer that has yet tried it here, has been having a quarrel with the manager of *San Carlo*, in Naples, where he was singing in *Luisa Miller*. So much for our old favorites.

Scharfenberg and Luis have just published Muzio's *Garibaldi Rataplan*, and the Adelina waltz sung by little Patti. Muzio is becoming quite popular here. He certainly, patches up an opera admirably, and can compose in the Verdi style, just like the original Joseph Green himself. Did you ever know the graceful name Giuseppe Verdi is, after all (in English,) nothing more than Joseph Green?

The Philharmonic Society gave the last concert but one of the season, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, the programme presenting the following attractions:

Symphony, No. 2, in D, Op. 36 L. Van Beethoven
Scena ed Aria from "Attila," "Dagli! Immortal vertici," G. Verdi

Signor Pietro Centemerli.

Concerto, for piano, in A minor, Op. 85 Hummel

Madame Johnson Graeber.

Tasso, "Poeme Symphonique," (1st time) Franz Liszt

Lamento e Trionfo.

Souvenirs d'Hartaburg, "Meditations Musicales," Op. 43. Litoff

a. Oberthal. b. Witches' Dance.

Madame Johnson Graeber.

Romanza, from "Maria Padilla," G. Donizetti

Signor Pietro Centemerli.

Overture to "Der Freyschütz," in C C. M. von Weber

Mr. H. C. Timm presided at the piano; conductor, Carl Bergmann.

The "Symphonic Poem" of Liszt did not please. It is a harsh, ungrateful thing both to perform and to listen to: the audience manifested weariness long before it was over; although it exhibits a quaint and striking originality that cannot fail to interest the musician. Madame GRAEVER JOHNSON played with taste and elegance, and Signor CENTEMERI gave great satisfaction. He is one of the best baritones in the country, and it is surprising he has not been heard in opera. He sings in Dr. Cummings' Roman Catholic Church in Twenty-eight street, and his solos are among the finest performances that may be heard in that accomplished choir.

There is, at present, quite a feeling in favor of band music, owing principally to the great success of a concert recently given by the National Guard (Seventh Regiment) Band. This was formerly Shelton's band, but now consists of an amalgamation of Noll's and Shelton's band, under the leadership of Grafulla, formerly a cornet player under Shelton. The concert took place at the Academy of Music, and drew such an immense house, that the Secretary of the Mercantile Library thought it would be a good idea to get the same band to give a concert at the same place, for the benefit of the library. So the house was hired, the band performers secured, and Messrs. PERRING and THOMAS, vocalists (there were actually no female singers in town at the time, to be got for love or money,) engaged. It cost the library eight hundred dollars, but the speculation succeeded. The immense Academy of Music was crowded, and the net profits must have been something, if not more.

All this, gave quite an impetus to band music, and greatly enhanced the reputation of the National Guard Band. Now hitherto, Dodworth's band—playing for the Seventy-first Regiment—has enjoyed the precedence over all others. Naturally anxious for their reputation, the members of Dodworth's have decided to give a concert too, and it will come off next Saturday evening at the Cooper Institute. Altogether this is quite an interesting band tournament.

TROVATOR.

a very high degree of cultivation. Her debut is to be made in *Linda di Chamounix*, an opera assigned to her by the inflexible *impresario*, contrary to her own predilections. On Thursday next, the last WOLFSON and HORNSTOCK concert is to take place. Those who have attended these delightful classical reunions, will regret their close, but rejoice to learn that the complete success which has attended them, will prove necessary encouragement for another edifying series, next winter.

MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 31, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We commence to-day the publication of WEBER's wild and exquisite opera *Der Freyschütz*, which we propose to give entire, arranged for the piano-forte. The first instalment of four pages contains the title-page, and an explanation of the plot, with references to each number of the music which will follow. BENNETT's "May Queen" Cantata will be continued alternately with the *Freyschütz*.

Concerts.

MR. B. J. LANG.—The Compliment to this young artist, on Saturday evening, previous to his departure for Europe, was general, hearty, and substantial. The new Hall in Bumstead Place was fuller than it has ever been.—No complaints this time on the score of ventilation; it was simply want of management before.

Moderato and Andante from Quintet in C, op. 8.... V. Lachner
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

Scena and Aria from "Nina Paixa" Paisiello
Mrs. Long.

Adagio and Scherzo from Sonata in D, for Piano and Violoncello Mendelssohn

Messrs. Fries and Lang.

Duetto from "Don Giovanni," "La ci darem" Mozart

Mrs. Long and Mr. Wetherbee.

Duo for two Piano-fortes, (8 hands) Moscheles

Andante con moto—Fugue—Finale, Alla Siciliana.

Messrs. Dreisel, Parker, Leonhard and Lang.

Moderato and Andante from Quartet in E flat, No. 4... Mozart

Messrs. Schulze, Meisel, Ryan and Fries.

Fantaisie for Piano, on themes from "Belisario" Goria

Mr. Lang.

English Ballad. "What will you do, love?" Lover

Mrs. Long.

L'Invitation à la Valse, arranged for two Pianos, (8 hands)

Messrs. Dreisel, Parker, Leonhard and Lang.

Mr. Lang was rich in audience and in programme, rich in the friendly aid of other artists, in his own strength, and particularly rich in pianos; since there were two of those superb Erard-like Grands, just manufactured by the Messrs. Chickering. The two pieces performed on these instruments, by eight hands, were indeed the most interesting feature, apart from personal regards, in the whole entertainment. That by Moscheles is a masterly composition, happy in its themes, learned yet not dry in treatment, graceful in forms, keeping the interest alive by seasonable contrasts, and affording fine scope for the combined exercise of such executive and interpretative talents as our city may be proud of in the persons of Messrs. DRESEL, PARKER, LEONHARD, and LANG. A richer body of tone,—of full, yet always clear, upspringing harmony; greater precision of clear-cut outline, or more fineness of light and shade; greater vitality of touch, with perfect unity and *aplomb* in the striking out of vigorous chords, and sparkling purity and grace in ornamental phrasing, we may seldom hear. Weber's *Invitation*—the very poetry of the waltz—renewed the sensation it produced when played here for the first time last year. For assurance that no musicianship or poesy was wanting in the eight-hand ar-

angement, it is enough to know that it was made by Mr. Dresel. (Ditson & Co. have published it.)

Of the contributions by the Quintette Club, the two movements from Mozart's finest Quartet were the cream, of course. As for the Quintet by Lachner, we found our interest in the first movement rather on the wane than growing, while the Andante was soporifically long and tedious.

Mrs. J. H. LONG and Mr. WETHERBEE gave a great deal of pleasure by their singing. The *La ci darem* duet was indeed nicely rendered, and there was no evading a repetition of the ever popular old melody.

In his own person Mr. LANG, besides taking the upper part at one of the two pianos in the eight-hand pieces, gave us in the first place an excellent rendering of the two movements from Mendelssohn's piano and violoncello Sonata, admirably supported by WULF FRIES. We thought him more happy this time in his treatment of the *Allegretto Scherzando*, than he was a few weeks since; but he reversed the order of the movements, taking the Adagio first, and in his few bars of random preluding between, which seemed of the fingers only and to have no connection with the musical intention, failing to bridge the way back from one into the other. With all the excellencies of this rapidly rising young pianist, it is but friendly justice to him to make him aware of this one little unartistic habit which he has of running his fingers unmeaningly over the instrument when he sits down to play something. It is *not* preluding: it does not express a mind full of the music and the meaning coming; it is just an idle or a nervous physical outbreak of the fingers; and often, we have noticed, even fails to modulate into the key in which the piece commences. Mr. Lang will not find such things done in Germany. It is such crudities which make it desirable for a young native musician, be he ever so facile and brilliant an executant, to pass some time in a musical atmosphere like Germany, and get imbued with the artistic tone. Our young friend, no doubt, feels this, and already means to profit by it.

The Fantasia by Goria is one of the brilliant show pieces, in which Mr. Lang exhibited his virtuosity to good advantage. Thalberg's visit, leading us back to the fountain head of these things—a rather shallow spring at best—nearly exhausted their interest. On being enthusiastically encored, Mr. Lang played one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" with expression enough to command perfect attention.

We hear that Mr. Lang is also to receive a Complimentary Concert in his native place, Salem. With all these expressions of interest and good wishes, which we certainly share, he will go abroad with hope and high artistic purpose strengthened.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The eighth and closing Chamber Concert of the season, was in some respects one of the most interesting, although the programme might have been much better. Here it is.

1. Quintet, in A, op. 108.....Mozart
Moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale.—Tema con variazioni.
Clarinette Principale.
2. "Souvenir de Haydn," Solo for Violin.....Leonard
(Repeated by request.)
William Schultze.

3. Third Quartet, in F.....J. C. D. Parker
Allegro—Minuetto—Adagio—Finale—Vivace.
First time.
4. "Possenti Numi," High Priest's Air, from the Magic Flute.....Mozart
Arranged by T. Ryan.
5. 12th Quartet, in E flat, op. 127.....Beethoven
Maestoso and Allegro—Adagio Molto cantabile—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro.
Second time in Boston.

The Mozart Quintet with Clarinet is always agreeable, although it has become somewhat of an old story. Mr. RYAN's clarinet warbled the variations with its usual glib and mellow volubility. The new Quartet of our townsman, Mr. PARKER, evinced substantial progress in the art of developing themes through the several forms which commonly make up the logical unity of this extended and most subtle, complex kind of composition. The Allegro was clear and graceful; the slow movement by no means dull nor feebly commonplace; the Minuet and Trio particularly happy, as fluent and spontaneous as one could wish. About the Finale we could not feel so clear. As a whole, the work was listened to with pleasure, and did credit to the writer.

Mr. SCHULTZE listened to a not very wise "request" in making his audience again listen to the senseless string of variations upon Haydn, by the Leipzig violinist Leonard. He was perhaps more successful in the rendering this time, and yet not always sure of pitch in the uppermost tone strata.

The arrangement of the "O Isis and Osiris" solo and chorus from the *Zauberflöte*, proved the sterling and enduring quality of that noble music. Sarastro's grand bass solo was taken by WULF FRIES, another 'cello filling out the quartet accompaniment.

The great Beethoven Quartet was better rendered on this second trial, and gained astonishingly upon the liking of the audience. Of course it needs four consummate artists to preserve clear and delicate, with just the right accent and phrasing, all those exquisitely fine divisions into which the motives melt and flow this way and that way in the four parts—subtest divergence and variety returning ever into lovely, complete unity. This first experiment upon the famous and much dreaded "last Quartets" of the deaf, sublime old master (there are six of them) was truly encouraging, and we would fain take it as an earnest of many more attempt, to make acquaintance with them in another season.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Here is the programme of last Wednesday Afternoon's concert, which drew an unusually large audience.

1. Symphony. No. 6. (First time in Boston).....Mozart
2. Waltz Maiblümchen.....Herzog
3. Overture. Die Hebriden.....Mendelssohn
4. Paulinen Polka.....Gungl
5. Potpourri, from Les Huguenots. (By request). Meyerbeer
6. Ypsilanti Galop, (second time)

The Symphony by Mozart was one in C, (not to be confounded with the "Jupiter")—a much smaller work than that, but yet delightful to listen to. We hope we shall have it again next week. It is full of the genial Mozart sunshine. The *Hebriden* or "Fingal's Cave" is Mendelssohn's best overture; full of poetry and cool sea-shore reverie. Why do we not hear it oftener? It evidently was not lost even upon a popular afternoon audience.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG's Complimentary Concert in the Bumstead Hall, this evening, gives excellent promise. Himself one of the most accomplished vi-

olinists and musicians we have ever had among us, Mr. E. cannot fail to give us a good concert. He will play a violin Concerto by Bach, with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club accompanying; the famous old Sonata of Tartini, called his "Dream," or "*Il Trillo del Diavolo*," with Mr. LEONHARD at the piano; and one of those quaint old curiosities, a dance called *La Pavane*;—also in some concerted pieces of his own composition, viz., three little trios for violin, viola and 'cello, and a Concertino for four solo violins, in which Messrs. SCHULTZE, MEISEL and COENEN will assist. The Orpheus Glee Club will sing a couple of their most taking part-songs; and Mrs. HARWOOD will sing a cavatina from *La Juive* and a *Lied* with 'cello obligato.

On Monday evening a new form of musico-dramatic entertainment invites us, in the "Parlor Operettas" of Mr. and Mrs. DRAYTON, which have found such favor in New York and other cities..... The call for chorus singers for the production of Mr. FRANZ KIELBLOCK's opera, "Miles Standish" has met with abundant response. The rehearsals go on vigorously under Carl Zerrahn, and the musical public will have a chance to hear and judge for themselves at the Music Hall next Saturday evening..... The Complimentary Concert for CARL ZERRAHN goes on swimmingly; the subscription is already large, and besides Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss WASHBURN and Miss FAY, the pianist, the Orpheus Glee Club volunteer their aid. The concert will take place Saturday evening, April 14.... There will be the usual Afternoon (orchestral) Concert on Wednesday afternoon.... Meanwhile, too, "Haymaking" is still continued; and the street corners and old walls are covered with the hideous old bonnets of the "Old Folks," black as well as white. The Ethiopians are not to be beaten in such dodges.

The Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS have moved into their new warerooms, in the elegant building just completed on the corner of Avon Place, Washington St. They have most spacious and artistic accommodations there; the place itself is worth a visit, as well as the unrivalled stock of fine pianos. One of their rooms has been constructed purely for a music room, suitable for choice chamber concerts, music parties, &c., and large enough for three or four hundred persons. It is a very beautiful and attractive hall.... The Orpheus Glee Club gave a second concert in Brookline this week, and are soon to give one, in compliance with earnest solicitations, at Jamaica Plain. Following the tuneful art in their own quiet, social, independent German way, this Club seems to have excited an appetite for the sound of their voices everywhere in the neighborhood.... There was a Band Concert in Providence this week, in which patriotism ran so high, that Mrs. LONG sang the "Star-spangled banner" in costume!.... The papers tell us that the prima donna FABRITI's name is fabricated; that she is not an Italian, but a German. She was born in Vienna, and her original name is Agnes Schmidt. Her wedded name—she was married to a German—is Molder. She ought to be called Agnes Molder.

Music Abroad.

PARIS, Feb. 29.—If some old Roman had been thrown into a lethargic state for a few centuries, like the sleeping beauty, and by the stroke of some magician's wand suddenly transported to Paris, were he to wake up in one or other of the principal lyrical theatres, his astonishment would not be as great as we might expect; for he would find himself surrounded with all the splendor of the pagan ages. At the Théâtre-Lyrique alone, he could one night descend with Orpheus into the dark regions of the lower world, and wander with him in search of his Eurydice; and the next night he could, in the same Théâtre-Lyrique, sup, in company with Philémon and Baucis, in their humble cot, with the great chief of the Olympian deities. The *libretto* of M. Charles Gounod's new opera is written by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. It is in three acts. Instead of a grand overture there is a simple introduction, worthi-

er of a classical subject and in accord with the subdued tone of the first act, the more striking and brilliant efforts of the composer coming in the later parts of the opera. This introduction is a pastoral, in F, and on its last notes, the curtain rising, we find ourselves in the cottage of Philémon and Baucis, which, poor as it looks, is rendered a pleasant spot by the happiness of the good old couple. In a duet these happy beings celebrate their love, which has resisted time and poverty and age. While they are softly singing this, sounds of quite a different kind are heard in the distance. The other inhabitants of the village, who have lost all fear of the gods, are giving themselves up to their impious saturnalia. The effect of this *ensemble* is striking. Soon, however, the rising sounds of a tempest are heard, and while the storm is raging round the little cottage, two strangers knock at the door, asking shelter. Philémon, who is for the moment alone, receives them. These two strangers are Jupiter and Vulcain. There is here a very good trio, after which Vulcain sings a few stanzas with a very characteristic accompaniment to represent the strokes of a hammer on the anvil. The air sung by Jupiter which next follows, "Allons, Vulcain," is also good. Baucis makes her appearance, and, after a long speech, sings in a manner that proves she can sing as well as she talks. But as Vulcain says, "Supper, not singing, is now the object," and to supper they accordingly go, when Jupiter, by changing their humble fare into a more *recherché* repast, declares himself, and promises to reward Philémon and Baucis for their virtue and piety, but, wishing them to avoid seeing the vengeance he intends taking on the impious villagers, he throws them into a deep sleep, and a *mélange* of horns, arpeggios on the harp, and the tremolo of the violins, is a pleasing termination to the first act.

The second represents the people of Sybarites reclining in gala attire, under the portico of the Temple of Cybele. Here the composer strives to assume all the passion and fire such a scene requires. The stanzas sung by Mlle. Sax (a bacchante), "C'est le vin," are not, however, worthy of the rest of the score. In the midst of the dances to which they are giving themselves up, Vulcain appears, and upbraids them. They wish to drive away this bird of ill-omen, when Jupiter appears, and, in a grand and dramatic *finale*, destroys this sacrilegious people. All this time Philémon and Baucis have been sleeping, and, in the third act, the curtain rising to the refrain of the pastoral in the first act, Baucis is discovered in all the splendor of youth and beauty, and in festive attire. Still in a trance, starting up, she seeks Philémon, to whom his youth and good looks have also been restored. Hardly knowing each other at first, the truth then breaks on them, but for a moment their felicity threatens to be troubled, for Jupiter, like Pygmalion, is very nearly falling in love with his own work. Baucis, however, rather than listen to any other voice than Philémon's, implores her gray hairs and wrinkled features may be restored to her. Jupiter, thereupon, like a gentlemanly deity, withdraws his suit, but leaves the happy pair in the enjoyment of their renewed youth. Battaille performed the part of Jupiter, M. Froment that of Philémon, and Madame Miolan-Carvalho that of Baucis, and M. Balanque, Vulcain.

The concerts are going on still. The one given by Kruger on the 10th of February, in the new salons of Erard, was one of the best. Kruger played the grand sonata (Op. 57) of Beethoven, and the duet in D major of Mendelssohn, with the violoncellist, Rigault. He also gave "La chanson du chasseur," "Guitare et marche nocturne." Kruger had just returned from Stuttgart, where he had gone to be present at a festival given in honor of his father, on the occasion of the latter's completing the fiftieth year of his membership of the Chapel-Royal. The violinist, M. Servais, has just arrived here (Paris); he proposes making some stay here. The third concert of the Société des Concerts gave the symphony in E flat of Félicien David, the benediction of the flags from the *Siege de Corinthe*, and fragments from the ballet of *Prométhée*, the *Berceuse des Cherubini*, the Symphony in D of Beethoven completed the programme. The Société de Jeunes Artistes, under the direction of M. Pas de Loup, pursues its course with success. At their third concert some fragments, never played before, of Meyerbeer's opera *Struensee* were given; the "Revolte des Gardes" and "Le bal et l'arrestation" were the titles of these pieces: the overture was also given, but it is well known here. The rest of the concert was equally well composed. To-morrow a concert that is looked forward to with the greatest interest will be given in the *salon* of the Louvre, M. and Mad. Sainton (late Miss Dolby) being the great attraction. Mad. Pleyel will perform on the 7th. M. Jacques Bauer also gives a concert to-morrow at the Salle Erard. A banquet

was given the other day at the Café Vévour, at which many English and French writers assisted. M. Delaporte presided. He is the clever director of the concerts of the French Orpheonists. The object of the banquet was to publish the project that has been decided on, and which will be accomplished in the month of June. At that period 3,000 French Orpheonists will go to England to renew at the Crystal Palace the festival held by them in Paris in 1859. Twelve steamers will convoy these artists over. Every one seems to think the company of the Crystal Palace have behaved in the most liberal manner. 200,000 francs is the sum said to have been given to defray the expenses. The Orpheonists stay one week in England, and they will give three concerts. This enterprise has been welcomed in the warmest manner here, and will doubtless prove successful. These are some of the choruses that will be sung: "Le Septembre des Huguenots," "Le Cimbres et Teutons," "Le Psalme de Marcello," "Le Veni Creator," "La Reine, la Départ des Chasseurs," "Le Chant des Montagnards," and "Le Chœur des Prêtres des Mysteria d'Isis."

March 7.—Never has Lent been so little kept in this gay city as at present. All goes on actively. New operas are in preparation; new dramas are brought out; and the various "Concerts d'Artistes" have to keep head against the "Concerts d'Amateurs." This latter amusement has extended itself even to the Tuilleries, where the Empress and a privileged few join in this innocent way of passing their time. While waiting the representation at the Grand-Opera of the *Pierre de Medicis* of Prince Poniatowski, the *habitués* of this theatre have just had a novelty, in the shape of M. Michot, a tenor, who used to sing at the Théâtre-Lyrique. He debuted at the Grand-Opera in the *Favorite*, in the part of Fernand. He sang remarkably well, especially the airs, "Uue ange, une femme inconnu," and "Ange si pure." He was most ably seconded by Madame Barbot in the rôle of Leonora. At the Opera-Comique, *Le Roman d'Elvire*, *Galathée*, and *Don Gregorio*, draw full houses; and the Théâtre-Lyrique has no reason to repent of its adhesion to the mythology of the ancients, the receipts being anything but mythological. Roger, after performing in the *Traviata* the part of Alfredo (with Mme. Pencó and Graziani as coadjutors) with unbounded success, has concluded his engagement at the Italian Opera; he has now left for Antwerp. Tammerlik will soon be here to fulfil his engagements at the Italian opera. Meanwhile, the rehearsals of *Il Crociato* of Meyerbeer are going on actively under the direction of M. Fontana. M. Merly will have a part in this opera.—*Corr. Lond. Musical World.*

LEIPZIG.—We take the following extract from a letter to the *Taunton Democrat*:

I hunted up an old friend, a Boston organist, who has come to this place to perfect himself in music, for Leipzig is the centre of the world of music as it is the centre of the world of books. The Conservatorium here is a kind of musical university, and every department of music is taught in it by distinguished masters. But Mr. T. gave me some particulars which are not very encouraging to musical men who think of coming abroad. He, let me premise, was one of the finest organists and pianists in New England, when he came to Leipzig, a year ago. He was at once put back to five-finger exercises, and so commenced at the very rudiments, not because he had a *bad* style, but because he had a *different* style from the Leipzig pianists. Of course this made him neither one thing nor another: his own style was fixed by habit, and the result was that he worked on through elementary exercises for nine months, playing worse and worse all the time, until at last he gave up the Conservatorium, took a private teacher, a very distinguished musician, and is now just beginning to feel that coming abroad will do him good. He thinks the Conservatorium is not the place for a man to enter, without he is a beginner; and that moreover, there the love of getting numbers of students is so great that very little time is given to each. Mr. T. told me that not more than seven or eight minutes could be given to each student at a lesson.

There are now little more than twelve American musical students at Leipzig, of various character and attainments, some very steady, hard-working fellows, some very idle, dissolute fellows. One man neglected his lessons to such an extent that he did not know the professor by sight, and on going to him to get his diploma signed, he mistook another gentleman for the professor, and for such palpable ignorance the diploma was refused. My friend Mr. T. will probably go to Berlin, as he says there are advantages greater than he can enjoy at Leipzig, particularly by one who wishes to receive private tuition. A musical student can live at Leipzig for fifteen dollars a month in very good style, and tuition is about fifty cents a lesson from first class men.

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